As well to ſee the veſſell thats come in,
As to throw out our eyes for braue *Othello*,
Euen till we make the Maine and th'Ayre all blue,
An indiſtinct regard.

3 *Gent.* Come, let's doe ſo,
For euery minute is expectancy
Of more arriuance. *Enter* Caſſio.

Caſ. Thankes to the valiant of this Iſle,
That ſo approue the Moore, and let the heauens
Giue him defence againſt their Elements,
For I haue loſt him on a dangerous ſea.

Mon. Is he well ſhipt?

Caſ. His Barke is ſtoutly timberd, and his Pilote
Of very expert and approu'd allowance,
Therefore my hope's (not ſurfetted to death)
Stand in bold cure *Enter a Meſſenger.*

Meſ. A ſaile, a ſaile, a ſaile.

Caſ. What noyſe?

Meſ. The Towne is empty, on the brow o'th ſea,
Stands ranckes of people, and they cry a ſayle.

Caſ. My hopes doe ſhape him for the gouernement.

2 *Gen.* They doe diſcharge the ſhot of courteſie,
Our friend at leaſt. *A ſhot.*

Caſ. I pray you ſir goe forth
And giue vs truth, who tis that is arriu'd.

2 *Gent.* I ſhall. *Exit.*

Mon. But good Leiutenant, is your Generall wiu'd?

Caſ. Moſt fortunately, he hath atchieu'd a maide,
That parragons deſcription, and wild fame;
One that excells the quirkes of blaſoning pens;
And in the eſſentiall veſture of creation,
Does beare an excellency: —now, who has put in?

Enter 2 *Gentleman.*

2 *Gent.* Tis one *Iago*, Ancient to the Generall;
He has had moſt fauourable and happy ſpeede,
Tempeſts themſelues, high ſeas, and houling winds,
The guttered rockes, and congregated ſands,
Traitors enſteep'd, to clog the guiltleſſe Keele,

As hauing ſenſe of beauty, do omit
Their common natures, letting goe ſafely by
The diuine *Deſdemona.*

Mon. What is ſhe?

Caſ. She that I ſpake of, our great Captaines Captaine,
Left in the conduct of the bold *Iago*,
Whoſe footing heere anticipates our thoughts
A ſennights ſpeede—great *Ioue Othello* guard,
And ſwell his ſaile with thine owne powerfull breath,
That he may bleſſe this Bay with his tall ſhippe,
And ſwiftly come to *Deſdemona's* armes.

Enter Deſdemona, Iago, Emilla, *and* Roderigo.

Giue renewd fire,
To our extincted ſpirits:
And bring all *Cyprus* comfort,—O behold
The riches of the ſhip is come on ſhore.
Ye men of *Cyprus*, let her haue your knees:
Haile to thee Lady: and the grace of heauen,
Before, behinde thee, and on euery hand,
Enwheele thee round.

Deſ. I thanke you valiant *Caſsio*:
What tidings can you tell me of my Lord?

Caſ. He is not yet arriued, nor know I ought,
But that hee's well, and will be ſhortly heere.

Deſ. O but I feare:—how loſt you company?

[*within.*] *A ſaile, a ſaile.*

Caſ. The great contention of the ſea and skies
Parted our fellow ſhip: but harke, a ſaile.

2 *Gent.* They giue their greeting to the Citadell,
This likewiſe is a friend.

Caſ. See for the newes:
Good Ancient, you are welcome, welcome Miſtreſſe,
Let it not gall your patience, good *Iago*,
That I extend my manners, tis my breeding,
That giues me this bold ſhew of courteſie.

Iag. Sir, would ſhe giue you ſo much of her lips,
As of her tongue ſhe has beſtowed on me,